

ternals for the furthering of her beauty and she knows just the kind to use.

For instance: If you have the wide apart eyes and the voluptuous mouth of Miss Allen you must add to your simple muslin frock a line of paste jewels about your neck and sleeves and add a sparkling headdress that will give the finishing touch that shows temperament and understanding.

Miss Allen is a splendid example of what a girl can do to bring out her

beauty features. By the way, she has accentuated her oriental beauty and although her gown is simple and girlish the little bands of glittering stones about the neck and sleeves complete the effect.

If you are a girl with the warm beauty of Miss Allen you can wear brilliant colors and dress most individually. You will not be outshown by your clothes. And to be outshown by one's clothes is the most fatal thing that can come to a girl who wishes to be called beautiful.

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE - MODESTY AND MY WIFE

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Dick says we are now in the "old folks" class. We have been invited to a bridge party.

"Father is feeling pretty well," said Dick when I told him of the invitation, "let's go. I like to play bridge at the club."

"I am afraid I don't play well enough, Dick dear."

"Nonsense! You have card sense and common sense and the only time I played bridge with you, Margie, I remember I thought you played an uncommonly good game."

"But that was before we were married," I said slyly.

Dick looked up quickly. "Look here, Margie, don't go getting it into your head that I have left off appreciating your good points just because I am so busy earning bread and butter since marriage that I don't have time to tell you of it continuously."

"You found time before marriage, Dick," I foolishly affirmed.

"Of course I did, old girl, of course I did. I have never been able to see why a woman can't understand that when a man wants to marry a certain woman he makes it his business to get her. For a time he may neglect every other thing in life but her. You see, dear, for the moment she is the business of his life. It's just like getting a big bill of books through.

"Oh, I know that doesn't sound romantic," he said as he saw my face lengthen, "but it's horse sense and it means just as much as though I said it this way: 'Dearest, I could do nothing—think of nothing until I knew you were going to be my sweet wife.'"

I laughed. Dick mimicked a love-lorn chap so deliciously.

"But after marriage the bill of goods is sold—you've won," Dick continued, "and a man naturally goes back to his real work."

"Then I'm only a side line," I said demurely.

Dick caught me to him. "Why will you be so fussy, Margie, and you're so pretty while you say these things that I want to shake you and kiss you at the same moment."

"Suppose you try the last first," I said, putting up my face to him. He gave me a regular bear hug and then said: "Shall we go to the party?"

"Yes," I answered, "but you see it is those awfully fitch Andrews that have asked us and I haven't got any evening dress that is fit to wear."

"Why don't you wear that gold spangly thing that I liked so well when we first married?"

"Dick," I questioned solemnly, "do you realize how long we have been married?"